The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH, it seems more and more certain, saw the beginning of a shift in the battle lines of Western Europe.

While the Germans may check for a moment the brilliant drive of the French in Champagne, the latter have nevertheless demonstrated that, after due preliminary hammering with their artillery, they can carry in one twenty-minute rush fifteen miles of scientifically constructed concrete-lined German trenches.

The demonstration no doubt cost heavy losses to the demonstrators. It has not been Gen. Joffre's way to waste men for the sake of a few hours' advantage. The more reason to think that his sudden energy after months of restraint and preparation means movement, advance—determined, far-reaching—and that the long deadlock in the west may at last be broken by some of the most telling actions of the war.

Trench warfare has shown one thing: Armies bitten into the earth along their battle fronts gain ground only at the expense of what seems appallingly disproportionate sacrifice of life. On the other hand, field battles of the old decisive type appear almost impossible in current warfare. There comes a time, therefore, when a great advance at great sacrifice is the only way to avert greater sacrifices still by pushing nearer to conclusions.

It is easy to see special reasons why the allies should at least begin the task of pushing the Germans out of France and Flanders. Winter is coming. The season of fighting should not close upon a record in which German victories and German territorial gains chiefly figure. Russia needs encouragement if not help. Bulgaria needs a warning. Greece and Roumania need heartening. The Turks are reported recapturing positions from the allies on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

In all directions the news of a great offensive move on the part of the allies in the west will stimulate all foes and potential foes of Germany to fresh efforts.

By this time badly needed munitions must have arrived and been distributed in France. Behind the allied lines should be vast quantities of ammunition and between two and three million fresh British troops. If Joffre is ready, October ought to see new markings on the war map of the west.

NOTHING TO CELEBRATE.

FIRE PREVENTION DAY will be observed Oct. 9. Observed, not celebrated. The city's record of fire loss is no cause for pride. Seventeen million dollars was the total cost of fires to New York last year. Fire Commissioner Adamson reports that "every man, woman and child in the city has to pay $1.44 each year for fire loss." This does not cover the upkeep of the Fire and Water Departments.

Seventy-five per cent. of fires in the city are due to carelessness; letting rubbish accumulate in cellars and under stairways, throwing away lighted matches, cigars or cigarettes, neglecting chimneys and flues, handling inflammable liquids near burning gas jets. Taking chances in such ways is criminal. Still, year after year, New Yorkers go on doing the same things.

Courts rule that persons can be held responsible for fires caused by culpable carelessness. But save in cases where loss of life attracts the notice of the community, carelessness of this sort goes every day unpunished. Personal responsibility in the direction of fire prevention shows scant growth.

"The fire loss per capita in the United States," says the American Year Book, "is still enormous compared with European experience."

In 1913 this per capita loss ranged for the various American municipalities listed in the Insurance Year Book from $0.06 minimum to $60.91 maximum, as compared with $0.03 minimum to only $4.21 maximum for European cities.

In European cities a fire is a crime for which somebody must be punished unless a natural and unavoidable cause can be proved. When New York adopts that attitude toward fires and persons upon whose premises they occur, Fire Prevention Day may celebrate progress instead of annually deploring continued heedlessness and waste.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Could the chap with a correspondence school diploma be referred to as a parcel post graduate?—Boston Transcript.

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Many a good idea goes to waste because there's no energy to push it along.

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Usually it's a man who knows little about doing a certain thing who is ready to tell how it ought to be done.—Albany Journal.

Every time one runs through the dictionary in a casual way he finds a number of words he thinks he would like to use some day.

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"Life is too short," remarked the man on the car, "to do all the things we're going to do to-morrow."—Toledo Blade.

• • •

Some folks who are quick to take anything else are slow to take a hint.—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

Letters From the People

The United States.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would like very much to know which country has the most warships, Italy or the United States?

G. M. B.

Benjamin Franklin.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would you kindly inform me through your question and answer column who discovered electricity and the first man to use it?

CHARLES ANTHONY.

Old Papers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have an old paper, New Hampshire Sentinel, date March 23, 1799, giving an official account of the French frigate Insurgent captured by Capt. Fouxton of U. S. frigate Constellation. Also Worcester Gazette, March 26, 1795; New York Herald, March 15, 1865; St. Louis Reveille, July 24, 1848. Can any one show as many?

J. SCOLLAY.

Suggestions Welcomed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am in charge of a children's party for Thanksgiving week. It is a woman's club of 800 members, so would include many little folks. Any suggestion for entertainment, decorations or a general programme will be most gratefully received.

M. M. B.

No National Holidays.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Will you kindly settle a discussion between A and B? A said Labor Day is a National holiday. B said we have no National holidays in the United States, according to an encyclopedia. Will you kindly give answer in your "Letters From the People" column?

J. F. K.

Labor Day.

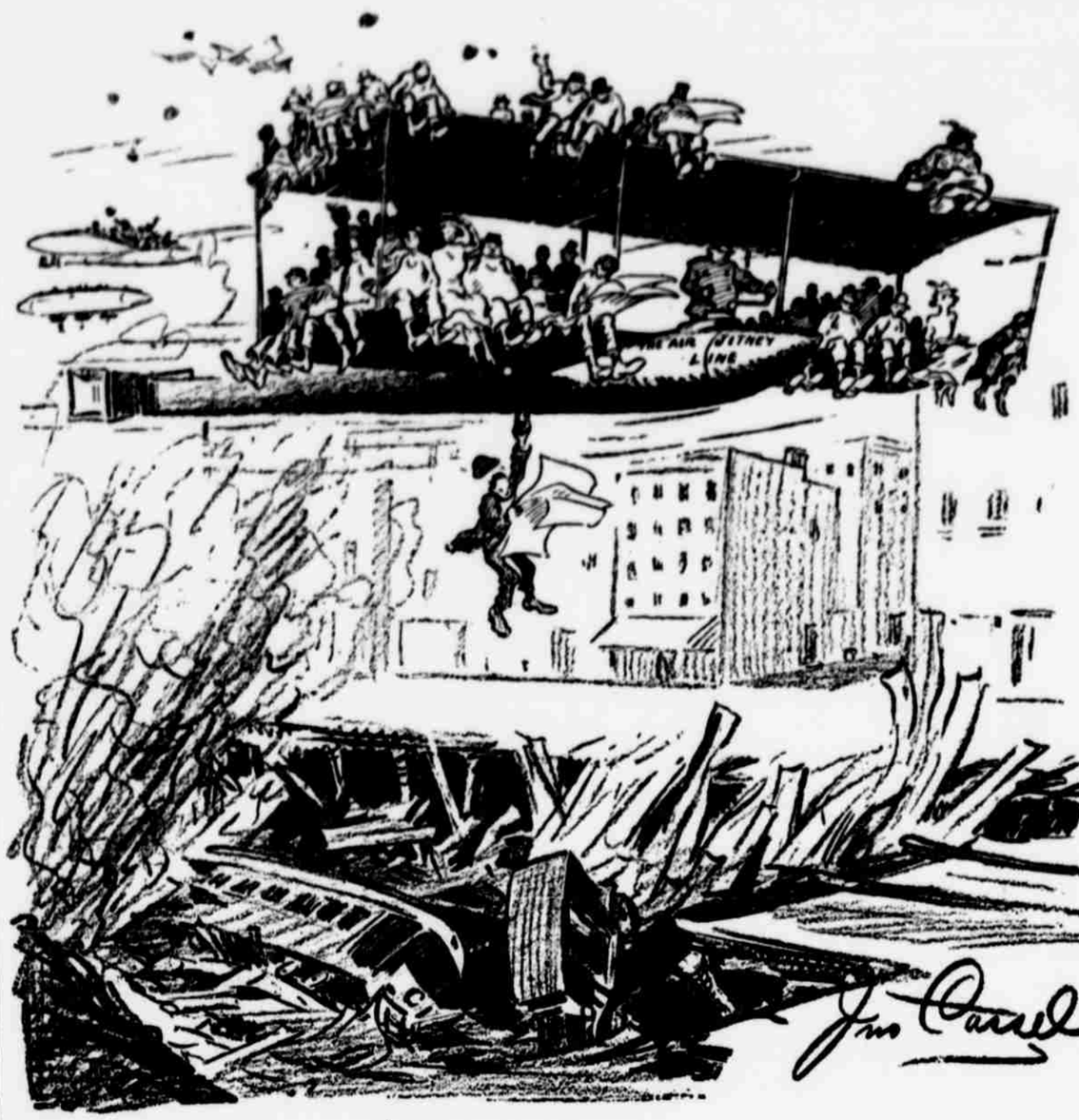
To the Editor of The Evening World:

We are all slaves to custom in one way or another, but one of the most foolish things, to my way of thinking, is for Labor Day to cause the close of the summer season at most places, September being the finest month of the year. We usually have good weather way into October, and yet the boards go up on the hotels invariably about Sept. 15 and the home rush starts after Labor Day.

Should Labor Day be changed or should the people be educated to the fact that it is a summer holiday, as the Fourth of July, and not a boundary mark of the seasons? V. A. D.

Safety First

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WHERE'S that heavy fall suit of mine?" asked Mr. Jarr as he fumbled around in the dark depths of the closet.

"Now you just come out of there!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "You'll get all my skirts rumpled that have just been pressed. You know your clothes are not in that closet!"

"Where are they, then?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I want that fall suit."

"They are with the rest of your things in the closet in the other room," said Mrs. Jarr. "I give you a closet to hang your things in, but you throw them all over the house, and it takes up all my time running around after you picking things up! You might be a little considerate and not make my work twice as hard! I do declare I get so discouraged!"

"Gimme a place to hang my things, then!" said Mr. Jarr. "Gimme a place that I can really call my own! There isn't anything in that other closet but some old summer suits of mine and a lot of your things and the children's. Besides, I asked you not to put any of my things in that closet it's full of moths."

There isn't a moth in this house!" said Mrs Jarr "You're always saying there's moths in your clothes. How could there be when I'm always taking them out and airing and brushing them? And your fall overcoat and the suit you can't find has been put away all summer in tar paper and moth balls, and they are in that closet, for I put them in there just a couple of weeks ago. You didn't half look!"

"Then they're eaten up by moths!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Don't I know moths? Those little, flossy, silky greasy rolls about as big as a grain of rice with a worm inside of them!"

"That shows how much you know," said Mrs. Jarr. "Moths are little tiny dust-colored butterflies."

"That's old Mr. and Mrs. Moth," said Mr. Jarr. "It's their large and hungry families of little worms that eat the clothes. Haven't I picked them off my coats and vests enough to know?"

"You never did! There ain't a moth in this house!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Look here at the lapel of this coat, what's this?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"That's a cut or a burn," said Mrs. Jarr, not looking; "you are always dropping fire from your cigars on your clothes and burning holes in them."

"Maybe you will say I burnt holes in my house coat?" suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, that was done a year or so ago," said Mrs. Jarr indifferently. "You don't have to wear a house coat downtown, do you? There's no moths in the house now."

"They are in that closet," said Mr. Jarr. "I kept the house coat hanging in there in the hope if there were moths they'd be good fellows and eat the coat they'd already started on and not touch my other clothes."

"I never heard such nonsense!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I suppose you are feeling like having a fuss with poor me this morning and moths are just as good a thing to fuss about as anything else. Why don't you take care of your things? You get them full of holes and burned with cigar ashes and then you say it's my fault that moths did it!"

Mr. Jarr's Fall Suit Suited Them, So the Moths Took a Fall Out of It

"I don't like to wear clothes that look like they were shot up at the battle of the Marne," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't think this weather is suitable for peekaboo garments; moth holes may provide good ventilation, but they are not affected by our nobby dressers this season!"

"There's no moth holes in any of your clothes, I tell you!" said Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr made no reply to this; he had stopped arguing for the nonce and had disappeared in the other room and had penetrated the recesses in the other closet.

In a few moments he reappeared with a fall suit of clothes on his arm. His face beamed with victory.

"There!" he cried. "Look there, under that collar! Look along that seam! What are those, lady? Moths, madam, yes, moths, m-o-t-h-s—MOTHS!"

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, looking them over coolly, "people that are always looking for trouble are always sure to find it! And if there are any moths in your clothes you must have brought them home yourself! There's none in mine, thank goodness!"

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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ONCE upon a time there was a girl—Gertrude. She came of honest though humble parents, who worked diligently to bring her up in the way she should go.

Thus the father toiled from morning until night that she might get the best education to fit her for her work in the world, and the mother was the proverbial one whose heart and soul were centred in the well being of her child. Every possible advantage was given to Gertrude.

While she was finishing her course in a business school she met some girl friends and became very "chummy" with them. The father of one of these young women owned an automobile and Gertrude on several occasions was invited to join the family for a ride.

How she loved those rides! Sitting back in the luxurious tonneau, she fancied herself "a lady of high degree" and her imagination soared with the speedometer. It was indeed a joy ride for her. She met others whose friends had automobiles, and at every invitation for a ride there was always her eager acceptance.

Now, this was all very well while she was under her parents' jurisdiction. But pretty soon she was ready for work and secured a job. Here she came in contact with all kinds of people. But always she sought to make friends with those who could procure a gasoline buggy. Autoing got into her blood and at the promise of a joy ride her head was turned. She indulged in flowing veils and in automobile talk. You would have thought her father was the original Ford. They began to worry at home.

When she would start out for one of these rides (and there are so many persons in every walk of life who own automobiles!) her parents with great misgiving would remonstrate and beg to know all about the people with whom she was thus travelling. But Gasoline Gertrude would wave them off with an "Oh, it's all right!" and insisted on being her own steering gear. But she had no gear to start her in the direction against danger.

Thus she went on merrily, willy nilly, careless of the company she chose. The only requisite for her regard was to be able to muster a machine. No matter how ugly a man was he shone in her eyes at the first sign of his headlights.

Along came one who was not the right sort, who had a car but no scruples. His intentions were not honest. But the girl saw only his beautifully painted limousine. There was a party planned with a few friends. The girl was introduced to wine, which is usually a part of the joy car. The man said things to her that even in her startled senses sounded not according to her upbringing.

On the return journey there was an accident. The man at the wheel had imbibed too freely. It was lucky for the girl, although she sustained injuries that kept her abed for weeks. The whole shock, however, pulled her together. Father put the emergency brake on Gasoline Gertrude—in time. And she saw how far her foolish desires had been drifting her. She therefore propounded this moral to the other girls:

"If you joy ride, be sure of your companions, for every automobile may become a soul-peril."

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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WE'VE never hankered to be pals with a man who digs his carfare out of one of those flabby, mean-looking little leather change purses.

It's queer how, when a woman begins to keep account of what she calls "legitimate household expenses," she insists upon including therein her husband's outlay for cigars, lunches and newspapers.

We know a lot of first-class, all-around, strictly he-men who are pluckily wearing wrist watches—but dern their misdirected bravery!

When you hear a woman of fifty talking about what a magnificent "figger" folks used to say she had it's a sign she still believes she has it.

When you reach the forty-or-over stage it's mortally hard to overhear a pair of young purrs exchanging supercilious confidences about their affairs with women without feeling like throwing a spit-kit or something at them.

Mystery Stuff—In a chair car the other day we saw an extremely pretty young woman reading Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." When the porter asked her if she'd have one of those big paper bags to put her hat in, she replied merrily: "Not on your zinc-type! I might never get the lid back!" We give it up.

The large, glowing sympathy which we have for sick babies suffers a considerable truncation when the wailing infant is located in the flat right alongside or above us.

The suffrage ladies who argue boisterously that women are "morally better" than men get away with that claim for the reason that the great mass of mankind still adheres to the ancient dictum that kissin' and tellin' ain't playin' the game.

When a woman no longer is secretly proud of her husband's jealousy of her, and he divines this fact, the furniture might just as well be stored.

Another sign that the honeymoon is on the wane is when he's willing to let her see him in his fishin' pants.

Gen. Sherman meant flat-hunting.

Every time we make up our minds to be Higher and Nobler we sit in front of somebody at a movie show who audibly tells his or her matey everything that's happening on the screen, and then we fall with a thud into the hating, roughneck class again.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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ALAS! If our hearts were only like our teeth and could be filled or extracted at will!

When a man says "Darling, I never told you a lie in my life!" he is telling you his favorite and most colossal one.

A woman never becomes a real philosopher until her last emotion has been burnt out, her last illusion knocked out and her last flirtation played out.

That tenderness with which the average man looks on his first love is usually three-quarters gratitude to her for not having married him.

It is wiser for a man to take his love affairs, one at a time, in courses, but safer for a woman to mix hers like a salad.

If a man never made love except when he is in love he would get so out of practice that he wouldn't know how to use his talents at the psychological moment when he actually needed them.

Love dies oftener from a lot of little pin-pricks in the vanity than from a sudden stab through the heart.

Love is a story in which every man fancies that he is going to write a brand-new chapter and discovers afterward that he is not only a plagiarist but that Adam had the copyright.

To most men "repentance" is merely the interval between the headache and the next temptation.

Things You Should Know

The Theory of Massage.

MASSAGE is really not a new thing; we read that Julius Caesar had his body pinched all over every day by slaves as a means of getting rid of neuralgia and that the Roman gladiators before entering the arena for combat were rubbed and kneaded until they were all aglow, and then oil was rubbed over and into the skin.

The Greeks and Persians and Hindoos all knew the value of and practised rubbing for bodily ills.

Our word massage comes to us through the French, and one who rubs is a masseur.

In giving correct massage there are many things to be considered, such as condition of the skin, the state of the muscles, the blood and lymph, nerves and blood vessels.

Each thing requires a different movement, as one which might be admirable for the skin would be quite useless for the muscles.

For this reason massage includes various movements, such as rubbing, kneading, pinching, squeezing and percussion or quick attack.

Light percussion on a nerve, for instance, for a short time, stimulates it. The same movement done more vigorously and for a longer time benumbs the nerve.

The skill to use in massage is to know when to apply the various movements. For this reason, to give the best massage and to get the best results, a good knowledge of anatomy is absolutely essential, as mere rubbing automatically alone is not scientific massage.

He cautious, therefore, whom you employ, as it is very easy to do more harm than good.

The eye and the hand need to be well trained to work together, the eyes discerning everything about a patient, the joints, veins, muscles and skin.

Only those who are well trained and who have sufficient intelligence for their business should be employed.

We in America are indebted to Dr. Weir Mitchell, the great American neurologist, for the introduction of real scientific massage in the treatment of disease. This was about 1870, and since that time leading doctors and surgeons have used and advised it.

Massage is not a panacea for every ill, but it has been proved to be a help in many cases and they are neither few nor far between. In Dr. Mitchell's treatment massage takes the place of real body exercise and by it the circulation is kept equalized. Deep breathing, he insisted, should always be used with massage, so that the internal blood and lymph vessels may be acted upon at the same time, thus producing really internal massage.

What real good does massage do? When properly done it may do wonders. The skin eliminates waste better after being stimulated by massage, the flow of blood and lymph is quickened, the blood is attracted to the surface and drawn away from internal organs and nerves are soothed or stimulated as the case may require. Adhesions are broken down, swellings and thickenings of the tissue are reduced and nutrition is increased.

Way back in 1813 the idea took root in Sweden and Peter Ling introduced there his system of movements known as the Swedish movements, or, as he called them, active, passive and resistive movements. Nowadays various systems are used, but all are based on Ling's system.

Helps for the Home Dressmaker

"HOW wide shall I make my new skirt and shall I make the waistline high or low?" asks a perplexed woman. You can make it any width from two and one-half to six yards and be quite in style. Many of the new cloth models measure two and one-half to two and three-quarter yards in width, but that is because they are of a heavy texture.

It seems the higher the price of the material the wider the skirt. Many skirts of high-grade fabrics measure six yards, but a nice, conservative width for the practical skirt is three yards. Make your fall skirt a trifle longer than you did the summer one. Skirts are still short, but moderately so. The flare skirt that is so popular now should clear the ground from three to five inches in order to be real pretty. The present waistline is either normal or low.

"What goods are fashionable for a blouse and what are the new styles?" is another query. The favorite materials are chiffon, crepe—preferably Georgette—satin, taffeta and charmeuse. The blouse should match the suit in color. Modish shades are navy, black, brown and green. Style features are the semi-fitted effects, long sleeves, high, snug-fitting collar or the low, flat collar fitting smoothly over the waist.

There is a strong inclination toward the rounded figure, and it is all a matter of feminine decision, as all fashions should be. Those who like the curves and rounded figure will draw in the corset at the waistline and model their garments accordingly, while the woman who is loth to give up the long, straight, youthful figure will make up her garments in the unbroken line. So make up your fall dress in either style. Both will be fashionable this season and by spring it will, probably, be decided which has won out.

Not only is the simple kimono sleeve passe, but now the armhole must be accentuated. This is accomplished by outlining the armhole in embroidery or simply binding it. Bands of trimming or braid are also used to emphasize the armhole. Slashings are another favorite sleeve trimming. These often extend from the wrist to the elbow. When finished off with frills and straps this makes an attractive sleeve finish.

Applique is being revived as a trimming and promises to become popular. A green gabardine, trimmed with black velvet leaves, outlined with black silk braid, is very smart. Embroidery is much used on suits as well as dresses and the use of embroidered motifs for collars, cuffs and girdles is very modish. Fringe is seen on some of the new dresses.

If you are stout, get a striped dress. They are very fashionable now. Make it up in a modified flare effect, place the soft belt a little below the normal waistline. Let the stripes run bias in the front of the bodice and put in a vest that tapers toward the waist.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

SO many girls write to ask me how they can induce a young man to write to them, or call on them, or fall in love with them. To these questions there is only the one general answer: "You must wait for the man to take the initiative." Often this is a hard thing to do, but it is woman's traditional role in the world. If she steps out of it she is likely to forfeit the respect and possible love of the very man whom she is trying to attract. The only game for a woman is the waiting game. If it doesn't succeed she may be sure every other also would have failed, and that her defeat would have been even more bitter.

Calling.

"W. M." writes: "On my vacation I met a young lady who now writes asking me to call. Is it proper for her to do so, as I only knew her for two weeks and did not act as if I wished to prolong the acquaintance?"

Strictly speaking, the young lady should not have taken the initiative as she has done.

"L. B." writes: "Should a young man alight first from a trolley car and assist the young lady who accompanies him or should he allow her to alight first?"

The former procedure is correct.

"G. E." writes: "I am twenty years old and intend shortly to marry a young man of twenty-six. But my family thinks I am making a mistake because this young man never brings me anything when he calls, although when we are out together he buys me anything I want. What do you think?"

A stingy husband makes an unhappy wife, but perhaps your young man cannot afford many presents, or perhaps he doesn't realize how girls like them. Don't judge him without ascertaining his motives.

"W. D." writes: "At a very informal home wedding the bride's sister is to act as bridesmaid and a very dear friend of the bride and groom as best man. There will be absolutely no other guests. The fiancee of the best man, who is also a friend of the bride and groom, feels that she should be invited. Is this necessary?"

I don't think so, since the wedding is not really a social function.